

I Remember

by

Frank J. Haight

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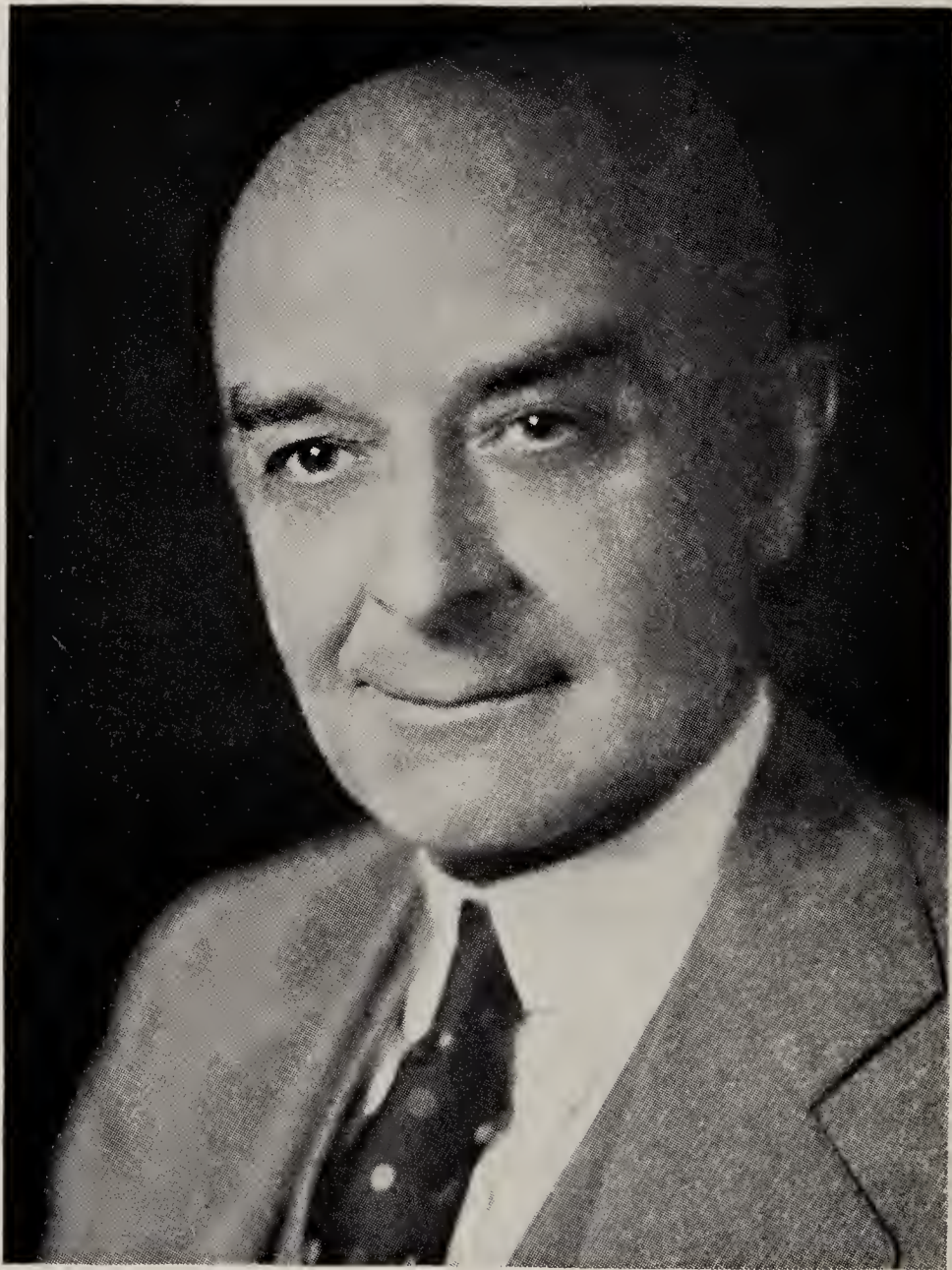
I REMEMBER

to better:
Who will remember
some of it
10/6/89
Frank



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To

MART,

who traveled with me during most of the
years recorded in this monu-
mental work, and

to

BABE, BRAD and BUNCH,

who joined us on the way, and with a nod
to Mildred and Evie, who ought to be
glad it all happened, this book
is affectionately dedicated.

*You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage.
If I should chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye
But pass my imperfections by.*

I REMEMBER

*Being a sober presentation of frivolous
matter and a dignified discussion of
things of no account, conceived in a mo-
ment of mental aberration and completed
with much glee by one who ought
to know better.*

by

Frank J. Haight
(Y-clept Bobo)

**Allen County Public Library
Ft. Wayne, Indiana**

FOREWORD

For some years certain members of my family have been urging me to put in type some of the nonsense jingles with which I regaled them in their youth. I understand they are fearful that when I pass on to that "bourne from which no traveler returns," these gems of thought may be lost forever and the world be the poorer therefore. Realizing that such profound truths as are contained in "The Fishing Rat" and "As I Was Going 'Cross London Bridge" should be preserved for future generations, I am persuaded to make the attempt.

It has ever been one of my peculiarities that rhymes and jingles stick in my memory while things of importance fade into oblivion. Quotations stick long after the source is forgotten. Many of the things in question were written by standard authors and are available in print. Perhaps a simple reference to those, with a hint as to where they may be found, will suffice. There are others, however, the source of which I have no idea, and it is on such intellectual gems as the following, which dates back into the Gay Nineties, that I shall concentrate:

"Man wants but little here below"
Soliloquized Miss Flirt
And with a pair of scissors then
Cut off a yard of skirt.

That was very naughty in the day when women were not supposed to have legs but to move on castors, or something.

Also, from time to time, members of my family have inquired concerning matters of history and

genealogy and it seems appropriate that I take this opportunity to present a record of certain facts in which they may or may not be interested. To you, my children, let me say that if you find some of this boring you should remember that as the years draw on we become more and more interested in the past. It is quite possible that some of the things herein contained, which, at the moment, excite only the comment, "So what!" may, at some future date, be deemed worthy of consideration.

I know that I am going to get a lot of fun out of writing this record of things of no account and hope that from it you may derive some amusement. If, perchance, some trace of nostalgia should creep into the record, I know I will be pardoned, if not now, at least when you have come to the years when you, in your turn, will look back and remember things as they used to be.

CHAPTER I

GENEALOGY

I have never known many people by the name of Haight—three or four outside my own family would cover the list. I understand that the name is rather common on the West Coast and that there is a street in San Francisco named Haight Street. Some years ago in Chicago I met a lawyer by the name, who had made a study of genealogy with particular reference to the origin of the name. He told me that the Hoyts, the Hites and the Haightes were originally all one people and that Hoyt was the family name. But it seems that one Hoyt had a son named Moses Hoyt who had little education and wandered away from home at an early age. He learned to write but he never could spell and gradually his name evolved into Haight. I don't know if this story is apocryphal but, at any rate, none of the Haightes of our family has been able to spell. Perhaps the spirit of Moses still marches on.



Concerning my forebears, I know nothing beyond my grandparents. My paternal grandfather was born in Skaneateles, N. Y., but came to Michigan early in life and married Mary Robertson. His name was Mott Haight and he was an English Quaker, ex-communi- cated for marrying outside the church. His business

was that of a surveyor and school teacher. My father used to tell me stories of his absorption in a mathematical problem to the extent that his attention could not be distracted. To them were born three children, Frank J., Helen, and Arthur Mott. The first two died in early life and are buried in Dowagiac, Michigan. It was a few thousand of life insurance on the life of Frank that enabled my father to complete his medical education. When Frank died he left to my father a silver case watch which will be found among my possessions. On the watch is engraved the date at which it came into Father's possession. When I was old enough to carry a watch, Father gave it to me and I carried it for many years. It is about the size of a small turnip and much the same shape, key wind and key set, but it kept pretty good time most of the time. It had one peculiarity to which I should call your attention in case any of you should some day decide to use it. About once or twice a year, the hair spring would catch on some jigger or other and it would reel off the next twenty-four hours in about six. On those occasions it was the busiest little watch that ever happened. I finally discovered how to fix it myself, by opening the case and loosening the spring with a toothpick. Nowadays, when they don't have toothpicks, I suppose it would have to go to the watchmaker. There was another little trick to that watch, which perhaps is worth mentioning. The ring could be removed and inserted in the nose so as to give the appearance of a nose ring piercing the septum. It gave a very startling effect, particularly when a watch chain was attached and another boy led the wearer into the school room. The teachers didn't seem to like it, but all the pupils laughed like everything.

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But I am getting away from the subject. My father was the youngest of the children and Mott Haight died when Dad was a little boy. After that he lived with an uncle, Dr. Robertson, in Pokagon, Michigan. Dad was born July 30, 1850, so it must have been in the late fifties that he went to live with Uncle Doc.

Dad had a lot of stories about his life as a boy in Pokagon. The most vivid to me is his story of the close of the Civil War. Dad was fifteen at that time and beginning to get around. Uncle Doc never drank, but when the news of Lee's surrender reached Pokagon, everybody got drunk. Dad had his eyes open and went around peeking into the saloon and generally keeping posted on the details. There was one little short fellow who couldn't equal the rest in capacity but he stood up to the bar and they continued to order drinks for him. When he got to the point that he could no longer drink, they just poured them on top of his head and let it go at that. Perhaps it was just as well.

When Uncle Doc came home that night, pretty well oiled, he sat down in a straight kitchen chair, tipped it back against the wall and pulled his hat down over his eyes. Dad was watching him from a distance and giggling. At last Uncle Doc came to enough to notice him and dimly realize that he was the subject of suppressed mirth. Without changing his position, he shouted at Dad, "Go to bed, you little Devil." Dad went.

After the death of her husband, Grandmother Haight ran a millinery store in St. Joseph, Michigan, where she met a man named Pat Hamilton and married him. I know nothing of Pat except that he was

by way of being a small-time money lender and died before I was born. I have, however, one very much prized souvenir of his contact with my family. In the course of his financial dealings, he loaned money on a chattel mortgage to the proprietor of a jewelry store and eventually had to take over and sell the stock. The old clock was the regulator in the store and that he retained. On his death, the clock came into the possession of my father through his mother and thence to me. I own nothing else of which I am quite as fond as that clock. It must have come into the possession of our family in the early sixties, but it was then an old clock.

Late in life Grandmother Hamilton fell and broke her hip and it never healed properly. I remember her but vaguely as an old lady who lived with us and went about on crutches and who used to take me to the Baptist church on Sunday. During the sermon I spent the time wondering if one could swing from perch to perch among the rafters of the church. I never did solve the problem, but one day I climbed into the belfry in search of birds' eggs and had to slide down the bell rope. I remember the good citizens were much mystified by the tolling of the bell.

When I was about eight Grandmother died and was buried in a little cemetery between Parma and Jackson, Michigan. There is also buried on the same lot, a brother who died in infancy.

My grandfather on the other side was a pioneer at Bellevue, Michigan. His name was Henry Hunsiker and he married Elizabeth Avery. He was a farmer, stock buyer, storekeeper and, in the later years of his life, postmaster at Bellevue. When I was a boy I used to spend a part of each summer with

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my grandparents in Bellevue and rode the whole country thereabouts with Grandfather while he bought stock and attended to his farming operations. In those days he had a number of farms but lived in the village and operated them by remote control. He had built the largest and most imposing house in the village and was one of the outstanding citizens. I remember the house very well. It had twelve-foot ceilings and a furnace, but no bathroom or sanitary facilities. There was an open well with an "old oaken bucket" on the side porch and a cistern pump in the kitchen. We took our baths in the woodshed and there was a Chick Sales in the back yard. There were two large parlors known as the front and back parlors but no one ever used them except for a party or a wedding. Grandfather used to sit in the kitchen when in the house and I don't remember that Grandmother ever sat down. She was always at work although they always had a "hired girl."

Grandmother was a rather "salty" old lady. I remember only a few of her sayings, but perhaps they are worth repeating. Whenever the Haight family started home after a visit, she always told us, "I'm glad you came and glad to see you go." She sometimes qualified the statement by adding that she was glad we had a home to go to but I'll bet after a few days' visit by three or four children, there were other things in her mind.

She used to say that Arthur's (my father's) children were of the "peaked-assed variety."

Another saying was, "If anyone ever offers to give you anything, no matter what, take it by all means—even a soft cow manure may come in handy as a poultice."

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The furnace, a rarity in those days, deserves a word. It burned four-foot lengths of wood and the firebox was immense. We used to drive to Bellevue several times each year and I remember how hard it was to get warm over a "hole in the floor" after a twenty-five mile ride behind a horse.

Grandfather came from New York and all his life anything of which he was particularly fond was "York State variety." This is the origin of the "York State potatoes" you have eaten all your lives.

A number of things concerning those summers in Bellevue stand out in my memory. One is the little silver bell on the dining room table with which Grandmother summoned the "hired girl." We had a hired girl at home part of the time but she ate at the table with us as one of the family and the idea that the girl should stay in the kitchen and serve was "class" indeed. Then there was a big silver ice pitcher that hung in a frame and tipped without lifting. Ice water was rare but Grandfather always had ice and ice water was regular equipment. But most wonderful of all were two jars that stood on the floor in the pantry. One was filled with cookies and the other contained soft brown sugar. They were on the floor where the kids could reach and they were never empty and nobody ever said, "No." In the basement was an inexhaustible supply of black walnuts from a tree in the yard and a block of wood and hammer at hand. I don't recall that we were ever sick at Grandmother's but it is a wonder.

Grandfather was a man of large stature, completely absorbed in his business operations. Grandmother was a little mite of a woman who took complete charge of Grandfather and managed him as a

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rudder controls a ship. She was "the works" as far as the home and private affairs were concerned and when she died about 1893, Grandfather was completely lost. He muddled along for several years but passed on in the late nineties. Most of his property had slipped away by the time he died and there was not much to divide. The house is now the Masonic Temple of Bellevue. On the wall, in what used to be the back parlor, is a clock shelf with the initials H. A. H. worked into an elaborate pattern of inlaid wood. I have several times tried to get this shelf but have been unable to get any action from the lodge.** I have somewhere, parts of Grandfather's Knight Templar uniform. The sword was promised me but when he died, someone else beat me to it.

As I think back to those stock buying trips with Grandfather, an incident comes vividly to my mind. Grandfather had bought a flock of lambs that day and we were driving them back to his farm near town to be kept against the next shipment. There was one man besides Grandfather and myself and we had a horse and buggy. Grandfather went ahead with the horse and the man and I brought up the rear and urged on the stragglers. It was not hard work but the day was hot and the way was long and as it began to get dusk the lambs got tired and it became increasingly difficult to keep them in motion. As we neared the farm the man went ahead to open the gate and prepare the way. I was left alone as the rear guard.

** Since this was written I have secured the shelf and your mother is now quite upset for fear I will want to put it on the wall in the living room. My thanks are due to Helen, Mac McDonald, Anna Marshall and Joe Deuel. It sure took a lot of us to get action out of that lodge. Perhaps they knew about Mildred.

It was getting dark and the farm was still a mile away when one of the lambs lay down and refused to move. He was tired and he proposed to stay right there and rest. What to do? I tried every method I knew to get him on his feet and in motion, but to no avail. The rest were drifting along toward the destination and it was my duty to keep them in motion in the right direction. I had never heard the Biblical story of the ninety and nine and there was no one to consult. The men were far ahead, depending on me and darkness was upon us. So, at last I went on with the bunch and left the tired one to rest by the roadside. When the sheep were safely in the farm yard I told Grandfather about the one down the road. It had been a hard day and I suppose Grandfather was tired and cross. Just as he thought the task was completed, to be told of a sheep down the road a mile was too much. He was all out of patience and, for the first and only time I can remember, he spoke rather sharply to me. I don't remember what he said but it just about broke my heart. I had done my best and I didn't see that I could have done more.

We went back with the buggy, found the lamb and loaded him in for a free ride to the rest of the flock and then we went home to a late supper. At the table Grandfather was telling Grandmother of the day and the difficulties overcome and then he added that he guessed he never could have gotten through if it hadn't been for the help of Frank. I don't know if he remembered the sharp words and was trying to make it up, but the effect on me was something wonderful. Boy! did I feel good?

One of the regular jobs assigned to my sister and me during those summers was to "watch gap" when

they were putting up the hay. It was not a strenuous job and left ample time for play. A gap would be made in the fence through which the loads of hay could be taken to the barn. It was our duty to stay by the gap and see that the sheep did not wander through. Usually they never came near and we had the day to ourselves but we had to invent our own games and the days were long.

And this reminds me of a story my father used to tell of a stammering man who was set at a gap to count a flock of sheep as they were driven through. You would have to be more familiar than you are with the nature of sheep to really appreciate the story, so perhaps I had best explain that sometimes it is difficult to get them started as desired but when one goes through the rest will follow in a rush. This man started to count, "W w w w one, t t t t two, th th th f f f Goddamn! all of them."

Father used to tell that story to illustrate the trouble he had in trying to keep track of where his money went.

CHAPTER II

CHILDHOOD

My father was an old fashioned country doctor in Albion, Michigan, when I was born in 1877 as the second of a family of six. The oldest girl, Avery, married Fred Hubbard and died in 1902 in Anniston, Alabama. She is buried in Climax, Michigan. She left three boys, Earl, Claudius and Clyde, who, I think, are now living in Lansing or Jackson, Michigan. Earl lived with us for a time after his mother died and while we were living in Climax. I have lost track of them in recent years and know but little about them. Their father was a machinist and I think they have all followed that line of work.

One brother, Arthur, died in infancy and another, who came along a couple of years later, was given the same name. Pearl, Henry and Arthur are still living as I write.

My father practiced medicine in Albion, Parma, Homer, Albion again, Pokagon and Climax, in the order named. We got back to Albion when I was eleven or twelve and I lived there until I was through school and teaching away from home. The stay in Pokagon was short, and then Climax until he became an invalid and had to give up his practice. The last four years of his life he was paralyzed below the waist and lived with us and with Pearl in Greenfield, where he died. As a business man, Dad was a good doctor. He never had a large practice and as a collector he was a total loss. Fees were small and mostly paid, if at all, in kind. I remember the regular fee for a confinement

case was ten dollars, or fifteen if instruments had to be used. A drive of eight or ten miles behind a horse and through deep mud or snow would net him two dollars (if he could get it) and office calls, with medicine thrown in, were fifty cents. And these fees, if paid at all, were usually paid in corn, or oats, or hay, or potatoes. Now and then someone would pay in cash and then we had steak and reveled in the gravy, but those occasions were rare and outstanding. But he was a good doctor, conscientious and hard working. He worked, of course, alone and under difficulties. Nurses and hospitals were not available and specialists only by trips to the cities. Whatever was to be done he had to do with such local help as he could get and under the conditions as he found them.

Mother was a grand little woman about as big as a pint of cider but hard working and efficient. In addition to doing all of her housework for a large family, she made their clothes and ran things personally. Dad was inclined to be easy going and she furnished the motive power. When she got on a high horse, we all stepped down the hall, believe you me.

For years we called her "Pete." This name came about in a curious way. Dad learned to play cards late in life and never did know or care much about it. The game was Pedro or Cinch as it is called in Indiana. You wouldn't understand references to that game but the five spot is the Pedro and counts five. Dad got the impression that the Pedro was the most important card in the deck and, therefore, Mother was "Pedro," gradually shortened to "Pete." After we had been calling her that for some time, Dad was trying one day, without success, to move a heavy bookcase, when Mother came along with her four feet

eleven of energy and supplied the additional power needed. That tickled Dad and "Pete" became "Peter Bunter" for a time and then gradually back to "Pete." And "Pete" she remained to the whole family until a prissy old Aunt horrified by such levity, gave her a lecture on the beauty and sanctity of the word "Mother," when she rebelled and we had to quit. Dad always promised Mother that when he got rich she was to be put "on the shelf" for the rest of her life. Mother thought it might be somewhat dusty.

During Father's last sickness, Mother took care of him under very trying circumstances. Her life was one of hard work and self-denial. Dad used to say that if Mother hadn't known how to make the clothes for the family, the kids would have had to paint their legs.

Just at this point, one little incident may be of interest. It happened before I started in school so I must have been not more than four or five years old. We were living in Parma, a village of about three hundred people, at the time. One day I went down town on an errand for Mother and while there, met a young doctor who was a friend of the family. He started to talk with me and ended by picking me up by the seat of my trousers and the neck of my jacket. I don't remember what clothes I had on at the time but I remember the result very well and, judging from it, I have no doubt that the trousers were made by Mother from some of Dad's old clothes. Inasmuch as Dad didn't have many new clothes, the material was pretty well shot before it came to me. At any rate, the whole seat of the trousers came away in his hand and I was in what is commonly called "a 'ell of a fix." As I started for home, I met the pupils

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going home from school. I really had quite a time getting home and keeping my back to the fence.

In telling this story I am reminded of an old poem that I do not remember except the gist and the ending. It was about a poor old widow who had seven sons of assorted sizes and a very meager income on which to feed and clothe them. She always managed to keep them in good order much to the amazement of the neighbors. At last, one asked her to explain her system and that is the real subject of the poem. She explained that Pete was the oldest and for him she bought a suit. When he had used it to the limit she passed it on to the next in age and so on to the youngest one of the lot.

“And then to make the cycle complete
I take what is left and make patches for Pete.”

My Mother was always making “patches for Pete.”

There were, of course, street cars in the larger cities but in the towns where we lived one either used a horse or walked. There was no other means of



WHOR! MA! WHOR!

transportation. Dad always had horses for they were as much a part of his equipment as the medicine bag he carried. When I was a very small boy he threw me on a blanket on old Kit's back and started me out on

my own. Kit was a gentle old mare and she taught me the first principles of horsemanship. I remember on one of my first trips when I had not yet ridden faster than a walk, some boys started her up and she came home on a jog trot. Mother, all her life, loved

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to tell how I came in hanging around Kit's neck and yelling at the top of my voice, "Whoa! Ma! Whoa! Ma!"

I started in on old Kit and gradually came to ride and drive them all. Dad rather specialized in horses that no one else could get along with so we had plenty of balkers, line pullers and unruly horses of all kinds. I had, therefore, a rather liberal education along those lines.

And right here I must tell the story of the cream puff. Dad had a pair of horses called Lynn and Maud that he had acquired because their former owners couldn't get along with them. They were line pullers, which means that they would draw the buggy by the bit practically all the time. When Dad first got them it took a strong man to drive either one single but by a special arrangement of bit and bridle, combined with very careful and kind treatment, he at last got them so they could be driven double. They were a wonderful team for road work. As one friend of Dad's described a ride, "It was just like riding on the cars. God! you couldn't count the telegraph poles." While they were much tamed down by his training they were always a real handful and one had to be on the alert every moment.

We were living in Parma at the time and Mother and Dad had driven down to Jackson for some shopping. As was their custom, she bought a little lunch just before leaving, to eat on the way home and among the rest she bought some cream puffs. They were the first she had ever seen and she didn't tell Dad what they were—in fact I think she didn't know much about their nature herself. Dad wore a full beard in those days—in fact, most of his life and that is an important part of this story.

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After they were safely out of town Mother undid the lunch and handed Dad a cream puff. With great care he slid the reins over into one hand, carefully watching the horses' ears for signs of trouble, took the cream puff in the other and without looking, bit into it. I have heard the story many times but it always stopped right at this point.

We had an old surrey, which is a two-seated affair with an open top, to which side curtains could be attached in bad weather and in this contraption drawn by two horses, Dad would take the entire family on occasion. We used to drive over to Bellevue several times a year to visit my grandparents. It was about twenty-five miles from Parma or Homer and not quite so far from Albion. You may be sure that with dirt or sandy roads it was quite some trip. One year we went out for Thanksgiving and got caught in a snow storm. It snowed all day Thanksgiving and all night, so, when we were ready to leave for home, any thought of wheeled traffic was out of the question. The only way to get through was with a sleigh. What to do! Dad had to be home, else, as he used to say, his patients would all get well. The question was finally solved by Grandfather loaning us a bob sleigh. We took the wheels off the surrey and lashed the body and the wheels on the sleigh. It was a weird ride and I can still remember how sick I was from the combined motion of the sleigh and the springs.

My father and mother were sober stay-at-home folks. Dad thought he had to be at the office every waking moment when not calling on his patients and anyhow, there was nowhere they wanted to go. Of course there were no movies and theatrical perform-

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ances were rare indeed in the towns where we lived. Once when I was a very small boy they drove down to Jackson to a show but that is the only one I can remember their attending. Mother talked about it for years afterwards. As I remember, the villain tied the heroine where the rushing waters from the mill were about to engulf her and the hero rescued her just in time. Mother said you could see the water coming just as plain as anything. It must have been some show.

And then there was the circus. About once a year, Dad took us to see the elephants and feed peanuts to the monkeys. That was a red letter day. Of course, the big circus didn't come to our town but we didn't know anything better so it didn't matter that the outfit was fourth class.

The really big event of the year was a huckleberrying trip and picnic. When the huckleberries began to ripen Dad got restless and sooner or later we had to go. The procedure was always the same. Two horses were hitched to the surrey and with the whole family and a big lunch, plenty of buckets (pails in Michigan) and high spirits, we started off for the day. I liked the trip and the picnic but the actual huckleberrying was a horror and a nightmare always. I don't think Mother cared much about it either, but she never complained. Dad loved it. We drove out in the country eight or ten miles until we found a nice swamp of huckleberries. Don't let anyone tell you that huckleberries grow on high ground. Those are blueberries and, while they look something like the huckleberry, they are not the same and not nearly so good. Having found our swamp, we picked out a nice grove of trees for the picnic and unhitched the horses

and tied them to a fence. Then, with all our nice tin pails we attacked the swamp en force. Dad was in his glory. He marched ahead and picked out the good spots and directed the whole force.

Now a huckleberry swamp is like nothing else in the world. It is low and soggy and wet. The bushes grow four or five feet high and the berries sorta' swarm all over them. Under foot it is terrible. The ground is covered with a deep layer of a sort of spongy moss, more or less wet. One sinks in a little at every step and every now and then breaks through into water—dirty, foul, stagnant water. It is hot and close and sticky. The swamp is full of flies and mosquitoes and bugs, with every now and then, a snake slithering over your feet to add to the enjoyment. Birds fly overhead where it is dry and sunny and make remarks about you. You sweat and stink and knock off bugs and mosquitoes and wish to God you were out of there. You pick berries and yell to your brothers and sisters of your progress. A favorite joke is to ask, "Have you got your bottom covered?" and then all laugh, although the same joke has been sprung at every one of the trips during all the years preceding.

I hated those trips as nothing else in my childhood. Sometimes I would get so cross that I would be sent back to keep the horses company and then I really enjoyed myself. But usually I stayed and picked berries because Dad was bound to show me a good time if he had to break my damned neck. And all this time, Dad would be having the time of his life. Just to pull those berries off the bushes and drop them in the pail seemed to fill him with a deep and satisfying joy. It wasn't the berries. Huckleberries were a drug on

the market. In town where it was dry and clean and comfortable, one could buy a ten-quart pail for a dime and while we didn't have much money, we did have a dime. It seemed to be the act of picking them himself that made the trip the high spot of the year. Of course, the berries were good. Dad ate them with bread and milk and Mother made pies and canned them against the winter, but the real treat for Dad was the picking.

I think Dad should have been a farmer. He loved to stick a seed in the ground and watch it grow. We always had a garden if it was at all possible and he did the work. I helped when I couldn't get out of it but he worked for the love of it. He was always talking about retiring from practice and taking a little place in the country to farm, but of course he never got around to it.

During the later years of his life, when he was an invalid and lived with Pearl in Greenfield on a plot of twelve acres, he told me he felt like Moses who was permitted to view the promised land but for his sins, not permitted to enter it.

It was during my younger childhood days that Mother used to recite for us that jingle you all loved so well in your youth, "As I Was Going 'Cross London Bridge." I never made any conscious effort to learn it but it stuck in the back of my head like "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and other nursery rhymes. It certainly would be a shame if it should become lost to a wondering world. It is akin to "This Is the House That Jack Built," but I have never seen it in print, so here it is preserved in all its pristine beauty. I hope your children and your grandchildren like it.

I R E M E M B E R

AS I WAS GOING 'CROSS LONDON BRIDGE

As I was going 'cross London Bridge
I found me a penny and I bought me a kid
And the kid wouldn't go.
And I saw by the moonlight 'twas half past midnight,
Time kid and I were home an hour and a half ago.

So I went along and I came to a staff
And I said to the staff,
"Pray staff, beat kid, kid won't go
And I see by the moonlight it's half past midnight,
Time kid and I were home an hour and a half ago."

And the staff wouldn't do it,
So I went along and I came to an axe
And I said to the axe,
"Pray axe, halve staff, staff won't beat kid, kid won't go
And I see by the moonlight it's half past midnight,
Time kid and I were home an hour and a half ago."

And the axe wouldn't do it,
So I went along and I came to a fire
And I said to the fire,
"Pray fire, burn axe, axe won't halve staff,
Staff won't beat kid, kid won't go
And I see by the moonlight it's half past midnight,
Time kid and I were home an hour and a half ago."

And the fire wouldn't do it,
So I went along and I came to some water
And I said to the water,
"Pray water, squelch fire, fire won't burn axe,
Axe won't halve staff, staff won't beat kid, kid won't go
And I see by the moonlight it's half past midnight,
Time kid and I were home an hour and a half ago."

And the water wouldn't do it,
So I went along and I came to an ox
And I said to the ox,
"Pray ox, drink water, water won't squelch fire, fire won't
burn axe,
Axe won't halve staff, staff won't beat kid, kid won't go.
And I see by the moonlight it's half past midnight,
Time kid and I were home an hour and a half ago."

CHILDHOOD

And the ox wouldn't do it,
So I went along and I came to a butcher
And I said to the butcher,
"Pray butcher, butcher ox, ox won't drink water, water won't
 squelch fire,
Fire won't burn axe, axe won't halve staff, staff won't beat
 kid,
Kid won't go
And I see by the moonlight it's half past midnight,
Time kid and I were home an hour and a half ago."

And the butcher wouldn't do it,
So I went along and I came to a rope
And I said to the rope,
"Pray rope, hang butcher, butcher won't butcher ox, ox won't
 drink water,
Water won't squelch fire, fire won't burn axe, axe won't halve
 staff,
Staff won't beat kid, kid won't go
And I see by the moonlight it's half past midnight,
Time kid and I were home an hour and a half ago."

And the rope wouldn't do it,
So I went along and I came to a rat
And I said to the rat,
"Pray rat, gnaw rope, rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't
 butcher ox,
Ox won't drink water, water won't squelch fire, fire won't
 burn axe,
Axe won't halve staff, staff won't beat kid, kid won't go
And I see by the moonlight it's half past midnight,
Time kid and I were home an hour and a half ago."

And the rat wouldn't do it,
So I went along and I came to a cat
And I said to the cat,
"Pray cat, catch rat, rat won't gnaw rope, rope won't hang
 butcher,
Butcher won't butcher ox, ox won't drink water, water won't
 squelch fire,
Fire won't burn axe, axe won't halve staff, staff won't beat
 kid,
Kid won't go
And I see by the moonlight it's half past midnight,
Time kid and I were home an hour and a half ago."

I R E M E M B E R

And the cat wouldn't do it,
So I went along and I came to a dog
And I said to the dog,
"Pray dog, worry cat, cat won't catch rat, rat won't gnaw
rope,
Rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't butcher ox, ox won't
drink water,
Water won't squelch fire, fire won't burn axe, axe won't halve
staff,
Staff won't beat kid, kid won't go
And I see by the moonlight it's half past midnight,
Time kid and I were home an hour and a half ago."

So the dog began to worry the cat, the cat began to catch the
rat,
The rat began to gnaw the rope, the rope began to hang the
butcher,
The butcher began to butcher the ox, the ox began to drink the
water,
The water began to squelch the fire, the fire began to burn the
axe,
The axe began to halve the staff, the staff began to beat the kid,
And the kid began to go and I got home in time to make a
johnny cake for breakfast.

To get the real effect it must be recited in a level monotone, rapidly and without hesitation. It is permitted to take a deep breath after each convulsion, but never in the middle.

After Dad was gone, Mother found but little demand on her time. She lived with Pearl, and the housework was not burdensome. After the strenuous life she had led, inactivity was unbearable and she turned to fine needlework and study to keep her busy. At something like seventy, she got a diploma from the government for some kind of a reading and extension course.

She is buried in the little cemetery in Climax with Father and my sister Avery.

CHAPTER III

SCHOOL DAYS

Most of my school days were passed in Albion, Michigan. We got back there when I was in the sixth grade and I finished high school there in 1895. Afterward I attended Albion College for a short time but it didn't take. I had a great joke on the fraternities while there—they never did find out that I was in school. It hurt at the time, but when I see what has happened to some of those who were popular in school, I realize that the joke was on them.

It was while I was in the public schools of Albion that I learned much of the poetry and quotations which I have inflicted upon you from time to time. "The Captain's Well" I learned in high school as a quotation from Whittier. We had a teacher of English named Miss Robertson, who was cordially hated by the whole school. She had a way of calling on the pupil who seemed to be paying least attention and of this peculiarity, we learned to take full advantage. When it came to that part of the lesson on which we were fully prepared, we would pretend to be doing something entirely foreign to the subject at hand. If we were successful, these tactics would result in a call just when we were best prepared to answer. On those parts of the lesson where we were weak, we would sit up straight and pay strict attention.

Now "The Captain's Well" is pretty long for a quotation but nevertheless I got away with it for that

purpose. One day in English class we were reciting quotations from various authors and she called on me for my bit of Whittier. Immediately I sprang to my feet and launched into the poem. She tried feebly to stop me but I plowed right ahead to the bitter end. She was skipping around that day over the various authors and I didn't know all of them so I paid strict attention until she again reached Whittier and then I pretended to be much absorbed in something else. As I expected, she called my name, hoping that I was so far away that I wouldn't know what author was under consideration. I jumped up promptly and again started in, "From pain and peril by land and main——." I didn't get far that time but I kept on as long as I could. She stopped me after a time, remarking that she would take my word for the rest of it, but it sure did make that day for me.

It was in school also that I first recited "The Fishing Rat." I think that came from an old book on animals that used to be in Father's library. I used it in one of the Friday afternoon exhibitions we used to give and it has stuck with me ever since. In the Gay Nineties it was supposed to teach a great moral lesson but in these days it is just funny. Folks in the nineties were strong on morals—theoretical morals. It was the day of the Rollo books and Little Women. Every book, for the younger generation particularly, must teach a lesson and every poem must serve the purpose of the Higher Life. Practical morals were quite a different matter and some of those who preached the loudest, led lives that were open to some question. I could tell you a lot about the practical morals of the age but perhaps this is not the place. At any rate, "The Fishing Rat" went like this:

THE FISHING RAT

A rat with greedy appetite
Went fishing with his tail one night.
He once had seen a fox do that
And if a fox, why not a rat?
For surely he was quite as knowing
As any other beast that's going.
Cocking his eye in fond conceit
That he knew fish as well as meat,
He silent sat upon the shore
And bobbed for half an hour or more.
At length an eager bite he felt
And deemed it roach or perch or smelt.
Eager but cautious did he wait
To let his prey grasp well the bait.
Then like a fisherman skilled and nice
He jerked, but lo! as in a vise
His tail stuck fast and, strange but true,
The more he jerked, the worse it grew.
In vain he jerked and jumped and squirmed,
In vain cried, "Murder!" "Fire!" and "Thief!"
In vain, for lo! an oyster vast
Had caught his tail and held it fast.
At length the rat perceived the case
And putting on a smiling face,
Staying mid-while his tears and groans,
Though fear and terror filled his bones,
Addressed the oyster thus:
"My friend, there's some mistake.
My latter end was never meant
For feast or fete;
I only put it in for bait.
And as you've taken it, I opine
That you are caught and so, are mine.
I pray you therefore, oyster tender
Just come ashore and thus surrender."
The oyster answered not a wink
But in the wave began to sink,

I R E M E M B E R

Dragging the rat 'mid cries of "Slaughter!"
Beneath the dark and stormy water.
Nothing is left but this, his story.
The plain truth—it sets before you.
The cunning rat who apes the fox
And risks his tail among the rocks,
Is, by the stupid oyster, caught
And made the prey of him he sought.

Moral: Ye cunning human rats, beware!
Unlawful pleasures should ye dare
To seek along the shores of sin,
Lest some huge oyster pull you in.

It was while I was in grade school that Father gave me my first horse for my very own. He had a little, black, pacing stallion that I had ridden all his life. He was bred for speed and he was really fast but he was small and Dad didn't think much of him. He had another trotting horse of the same age of which he thought better and to it he gave some little training for track work. I used to ride the pacer beside him on the track and beat him every time. But still Dad couldn't see the pacer and at last sold him. I was all broken up to see him go. The pacer had sired just one colt which was then a yearling running in the pasture. In order to appease me Dad said I could have the colt and make a real saddle horse out of him. Up to that time I had ridden all the horses but had never been permitted to canter any of them. I rode only on a trot or a pace.

When the colt was eighteen months old I went and got him. He had never been handled at all but he was kind and gentle. I put a saddle and bridle on him and rode him home. I had some trouble keeping him between the fences and headed in the right direction,

but at last we made it and from then on I rode him until after I was married.

One day after I had been riding Ira for several years, my brother and I got into some kind of a jangle over the horse and the matter was presented to Dad. In making my case, I emphasized the fact that it was my horse. I suppose Dad had forgotten about the pacer and all that led up to my ownership for he announced that he had not given the horse to me but jointly to all the children. Of course, there was no appeal from Dad's decision but I think I never quite forgave him for it. It was my horse—he had given it to me and while I was perfectly willing the others should use it, I was not willing to concede any part of the ownership. I hope I have never made a mistake of this kind with my children.

CHAPTER IV

THE BELL CLAPPER

The affair of the bell clapper deserves special mention. It was the nearest I ever came to serious trouble in school and it created quite a stir in Albion. The central school building housed all of the grades from the sixth to the twelfth. There was no break between common school and high school, as at present. One progressed from the eighth grade to the ninth exactly as from the seventh to the eighth. There were twelve grades in all and then one graduated with glory and acclaim. The graduating ceremony was held in the Methodist church and each member of the class made a speech. Mine was about Antiseptic Surgery, a subject of which I knew (and know) as little as anything on earth. Just why the teachers would permit a boy to orate on a subject of which he had not the slightest knowledge, is quite beyond me. But they did and I did and the audience clapped politely.



There were four ward schools named for the points of the compass in which the first five grades were taught the beginnings. I never attended one of the wards because I was in the sixth when we returned to Albion. On the top of the central building was a big bell which could be heard all over town. It was rung a half hour before school time and again on the hour, both morning and noon.

Now one of the regular jokes among the “younger set” was to enter the school house at night through a window and mix up the books in the desks thoroughly. By doing this job in a workmanlike manner a beautiful confusion for the next morning could be created—perhaps even sufficient to avoid the singing exercises with which school started. There was never any trouble in doing the job for the windows were never locked and there was no night watchman. So, two or three times during the school year, this stunt was carried out with greater or less detail and thoroughness. It never brought forth more than a mild exasperation from the teacher and so far as I know, no attempt was ever made to fix the blame.

Of course, an ambitious group of youngsters is always trying to improve its technique and so one night we conceived the idea that we could improve on the job and afford still greater confusion if we should go up in the belfry and put the bell out of commission. When we reached the bell we found that the clapper was attached by a big bolt and nothing was easier than to detach it and carry it away. We hid it under a culvert at a crossing and when Christmas came we boxed it all up in a pretty box and sent it as a present to Miss Robertson, the teacher we all hated.

In the meantime there was much ado. The next morning they had to get up in the belfry with a sledge hammer and ring the bell by direct action and it was several days before a new clapper was procured, all of which provided glee for the small group that knew what it was all about.

We kept our secret well and I doubt if it would ever have leaked out but for one of the group who

THE BELL CLAPPER

needed money pretty badly. In those days there was an active market for school books in any of several drug stores and this boy, seeing how easy it was to enter the school house at night, conceived the idea that here was the answer to his financial problem. So one night he went up alone, gathered up an armful of books and sold them at Renold's drug store. Of course theft was quite a different matter from a mere boyish prank and the School Board got busy. In due time they traced the books and found the culprit. When they put him on the grid he promptly fessed up and along with the rest spilled the beans regarding the bell clapper. As a result, each one of "our gang" received a summons to appear on a certain night in a lawyer's office over the bank before a meeting of the School Board. We were there and we had our story down pat. None of us knew anything about anything. We were the dumbest bunch of boys in seven states. We were questioned for some little time but we stood fast and they gave it up as a bad job. The boy who stole the books was expelled for a year and the rest of us heard nothing more of it.

Years afterward, I talked about this affair with the man who had been Superintendent of Schools at the time. He told me that they were all convinced we were guilty but they couldn't prove it and anyway it was just a prank, so they dropped the whole matter. There would have been considerable dynamite in the expulsion of a half dozen boys out of a class of twenty-eight in their senior year and they were not looking for trouble.

It was during the consideration of this matter that the celebrated strike of the senior class occurred. Of course, it was common knowledge that we were in

trouble and it was the talk of the school. The class had a secret meeting and passed a resolution that if I were not permitted to graduate none of them would and boy! did that create a stir. The Superintendent gave us a talk that was a honey. He told us just how insignificant we were and how presumptuous to set our opinions up against the School Board. But they didn't expel me and perhaps—just perhaps this had some bearing on the decision.

I think the Miss Robertson, mentioned above, deserves a special paragraph. She was an old maid who held the position of Preceptress and taught English to the high school classes. She had charge of the assembly room and as far as the last four grades were concerned, was second in authority to the Superintendent of Schools. We all hated her and I suspect if we had not spent so much time trying to find ways to annoy her we would have profited more from our course. The tricks we played on her would make a book. Back of her home she had a nice grape arbor which became our favorite source of plunder. We were not content to steal her grapes but we would carefully save the skins and throw them on the porch. Ticktacks, soaped windows and all of the devices of devilment connected with Hallowe'en had a particular zest when directed against Clara Bell, as we called her out of school.

In school and out a bunch of high school boys who seriously put their minds to an effort to annoy, can think of many things. She was in a state of perpetual irritation and it didn't help her disposition at all, which in turn, increased our hatred and our desire to annoy. It was a vicious circle. One of her favorite remarks was, "There comes a time when patience

ceases to be a virtue." It "ceased" about a dozen times a day. Years afterward she became a Christian Science Practitioner and it must have been a great relief to spend her declining years in perpetual adoration of sweetness and light.

The seats ran down one side of the school room beside the rostrum and the front seat was right up against a window that looked across a narrow court against a blank wall. This was the seat given to the outstanding bad boy of the room. Seated there, without turning completely around, he could see nothing but a blank wall. A half turn would simply afford a view of Clara Bell seated in glory on the throne. One of the boys stood this arrangement as long as he could and then one night went down town and stole a Bock beer sign and with great labor hung it directly opposite the window "so he would have something cheerful to look at." It didn't last long but it gave a pleasant touch to our relations with Clara Bell. Among other things she was a Prohibitionist and an active member of the W. C. T. U.

CHAPTER V

EARNING A LIVING

My first job was in a harness factory. Of course you cannot imagine a time when the making of harness and other equipment for horses and horse-drawn vehicles was a major industry. But so it was in the nineties and in Albion was located a factory employing twenty or twenty-five harness makers. Into this factory I went as a small boy and worked two summers. I think I received two dollars a week. There I learned to make a "waxed end" and to sew on a harness maker's "horse." Now a "horse" is a contraption on which the harness maker sits with a pedal-operated vise in front of him to hold the leather in position to be sewed. One sticks an awl through the leather to make the hole and then the waxed thread through both sides and pulls it taut. It is quite a trick to make the holes regular and pull the thread in even stitches. One must learn to hold the two needles and the awl in such a way that they will not get tangled and to proceed with a reasonable speed. It is nearly fifty years since I sewed a strap but I believe I could still do a reasonably efficient job.

After I had worked at this job for a couple of years there came a chance of a job in a drug store at a salary of three dollars a week and a chance to work during the school year, nights, mornings and Saturdays as well. It was a white collar job at an increase in salary and I grabbed it. During the rest of my high school course I worked at this sort of employment in the various drug stores of Albion and as I

I R E M E M B E R

remember my salary eventually got way up to six dollars per week for full time during the summer. I did everything there was to do from sweeping out to filling prescriptions. I shudder when I think of this last activity but no one died, as far as I know, as the result of my compounding of medicine.

In those days drug stores sold drugs and "drug-gists' sundries," which consisted mostly of elaborate toilet sets lined with satin and complete with mirror and nail buffer. There were various articles of this nature, including pocketbooks, note books, etc., which were particularly in evidence around Christmas time.

One of the stores had a soda fountain and sold ice cream and sodas during the summer. No one ever heard of eating ice cream in cold weather. I used to make the ice cream in a cellar under the sidewalk. I had a tall tin can that went in the freezer and in it I mixed the milk and cream and sugar. Then I heated the mixture over an oil burner and added gelatin which came in flat cakes about three by six inches. I remember that in order to dissolve it I had to insert my arm to the elbow and squeeze the gelatin as it softened with the milk and the heat. Then I ground the freezer till I wished the damned thing was in hell and no one knew of ice cream.

When I finished it was considered good ice cream and all the girls came to see me at the fountain.

After I finished high school I began to look about for a real job. I had never been really in earnest about the drug business, considering it only as a makeshift occupation during the school years. I was approaching eighteen when I graduated in June of 1895 and jobs were not plentiful. The country was just recovering from the panic of Ninety-three and

I wasn't fitted for anything in particular so I finally turned to teaching. Now teaching in those days was pretty much unregulated, particularly in the country or district schools. Each district was a unit and ran things as it saw fit. The control was in the hands of the School Board consisting of three men who hired the teacher they saw fit to hire at the salary they chose to pay and had school as many months as to them seemed necessary and proper. Of course, one had to pass an examination and get a teacher's license but that wasn't too hard for a boy right out of high school. I passed the examinations all o. k. but they wouldn't issue the license until I was eighteen, which was September 28th, following the opening of school. After some riding of the country thereabout, I secured a school about four miles northeast of Albion, where they were willing I should begin on Sept. 1st without a license, with the understanding that they wouldn't pay me until the license was issued. So I taught two months before I drew my first pay check, forty dollars all in one sum. I never had so much money before, nor since.

Up to the time I went out to teach I had never been in a district school and my notions of procedure were based entirely on the graded schools of Albion. I had no education in teaching or discipline and as I look back I don't think that first term was an outstanding success. Perhaps I learned more than any of the pupils. At any rate I taught there for about six months and they didn't insist that I finish the year. When I drew my last check I asked the member of the Board who paid me, if my work had been satisfactory. I remember well his reply. "Oh, yes! I suppose so, but the next time I want someone who will mash their bones."

I R E M E M B E R

I never did become a "bone masher" but after an interval in college I did succeed in doing a fairly satisfactory job as a teacher.

My next school was in Sonoma at the schoolhouse where some years ago Helen, Mildred, Mother and Ann went with me to a reunion. I stayed there two years and as I look back, it seems the most peaceful and happy two years of my life. I was earning a small salary but it was enough and I had no worries or responsibilities. I was a part of the community, respected and looked up to as the school-master and we had a lot of fun.

Before the automobile a farming community was quite a different thing from what it is now. It was only about six miles to Battle Creek but no one ever went there except on business. The community was self-contained and self-sufficient as far as entertainment and social life were concerned. There were "socials" and lectures and strawberry festivals. Every two weeks we had a Farmers Club at the school house and there were recitations and songs and dialogues. Did you ever hear a dialogue? It is something like a two (sometimes three) part play that has been emasculated and bleached to a colorless and neutral tint. The two participants stand up and speak their lines without emphasis or expression and the audience draws on its imagination for the drama. It must always have a moral and any amusement offered is entirely secondary.

We had great times at those meetings and I played a rather prominent part in the entertainments. Some of the "essays" I wrote for those occasions may be found among my papers. I remember one time we put on a regular three act play in which I played the

EARNING A LIVING

part of an old miser that ate peppermints. We gave the play at several nearby schoolhouses and turned in several dollars profit. But I have never since liked peppermints.

I had quite a time getting started in this community. Of course I was an entire stranger and the farmers were rather clannish. I had to have a girl first of all to take to the social affairs. One member of the School Board had a daughter that sorta' took my eye but I didn't quite know how to get started. There were no telephones in the country and it was not as easy as at present when one just calls up and asks the girl to go to a movie. But one day she came over to visit school and there was my opportunity. Before she left I had made a date to call on a certain night. It was a cold, blustery night and I went over on horseback with a heavy blanket on the saddle to keep me warm on the ride and the horse warm while the sparking was going on. It was customary to ask a guest to put his horse in the barn but on the first trip I could hardly suggest it. So I tied my horse to the hitching post until they should offer the hospitality of the barn. But they never did offer it so the horse stood there in the snow and weather until I left.

I was ushered into the living room and seated in a circle consisting of the entire family of Pa and Ma and five younger brothers and sisters besides the girl (I forget her name). There was also an aunt or cousin or two and the clock ticked awfully loud. They were all strangers and it was some little effort to keep up a conversa-



tion. I didn't know the girl as yet and while I wanted to get acquainted, the circumstances were hardly conducive to progress. Ma was sewing on something of a very secret nature. She kept it all wadded up under her arm and exposed only a very small portion on which she worked diligently. It was white and I suspected was designed to clothe the lily form of my prospective girl friend either during the day or at night. But at any rate, it was not for the vulgar eyes of a strange young man, either before or after completion.

The rest of the family sat around and looked at me and agreed heartily when I remarked that it was a bad night outside. After that the conversation lagged. I tried various subjects and ran up against a blank wall each time. I hadn't been there long until the only thing I really wanted was to get away. But even this was difficult without being discourteous so I stuck it out until a late hour (about ten-thirty) and then left. Ma was still sewing. I never went back.

Of course I told the story after I got acquainted and there were many hearty laughs over it. About a year later the girl was married to a young farmer and six months later presented him with a fine baby boy. One of the wags who knew of my experience remarked that he guessed John must have let the young man put up his horse.

Well, after a time, I found a girl and really entered into the giddy social whirl. Sometimes twice a week we would be out to a social and on Sunday nights I spent the evening with her. We made candy and popped corn and she sang to me in a low voice after the folks had gone to bed. It was very romantic.

After teaching there for two years I moved over



This is the way we looked when the whole matter started. At that time my Bride had never seen me without that ornament on my lip. I had it removed one day soon after we were married and came home with my lip naked and unashamed. She was standing just inside the screen door and when she recognized her Lord and Master she hooked the screen and went into the other room and burst into tears. I don't think she ever quite recovered from the shock.

to the brick schoolhouse on the Climax-Battle Creek road at an increased salary. I think I received thirty-five dollars over there. It was about this time that Dad moved to Climax so I began living at home and riding back and forth. As a result I never did enter into the community life in that neighborhood as at Sonoma. One year there and then a year in the village school at Climax and my teaching was over. It was while I was teaching in Climax that I met your Mother on an interurban car going over to Kalamazoo to a teachers' institute. I remember in that first conversation she made the statement that "Florence didn't get married when she had a chance and I am going to marry the first man that asks me." In spite of that warning I stuck around and look at me now. As I look back I realize that I never had a chance.

At this point I cannot refrain from saying just a word concerning the woman I married. You have all had some little opportunity to get acquainted with her and I am sure will bear me out in what I say. For a good many years I have called her "Mart," which is an abbreviation of "Queen of my heart," arrived at by easy stages over a period of time. Last Christmas I gave her as a facetious Christmas present, a little plaster mule. This had reference, as you remember, to the responsibilities she assumed in taking the guardianship of Ruth and Willard, and the management of the ranch. With this mule went a limerick, as follows:

There once was a lady named Mart
Who some folks considered quite smart
But the job of a farmer
Was wished on this charmer
So she hitched up her mule to the cart.

Now the above was written simply as a joke in

order to amuse during the holiday celebration. But as I think it over I am persuaded that there is in that jingle, a serious comment on her disposition and makeup. She has always been full of energy and efficiency. Whatever she has done she has done well and she has never hesitated to tackle a job, no matter what it might involve. I verily believe that if, in the course of her management of that ranch, it should become necessary for her to undertake the actual farm work, she would not hesitate to hitch up the mule to the cart and do whatever was necessary. And I'll bet she would do it well. All her life she has been figuratively hitching up her mule and undertaking tasks which would have daunted almost anyone else. Whatever has come along she has taken in her stride and usually made a good job of it. I shall not undertake to enumerate the times she has risen to the occasion. You all know some of them but I remember a lot more. Whether it was a case of cooking a meal or editing the Accelerator, or making an evening dress or washing the dog, she has hitched up her mule without hesitation and the results have spoken for themselves. I have been constantly amazed at the things she has undertaken. Even now she has more pep than either of her daughters and can do more work than both of them.



SO SHE HITCHED UP HER MULE TO THE CART

It is only in the realm of machinery that she has been lacking. She never did understand machinery. You will remember the time she bought one of those automatic screw drivers on which you push to drive

a screw and when she got home, found that it turned the screw the wrong way. I missed the opportunity of a lifetime when I explained the jigger which reversed the action. I should have told her that it was a left-handed screw driver and had her take it back to be changed. I have always been sorry that I did not think faster.

But in spite of that little flaw in her makeup which prevents her understanding such complicated machinery as screw drivers and wheelbarrows, she has been a good wife and I am glad I married her. She has been a good mother and you ought to be glad she was among those present when you were born. I am glad to bring a few flowers while she is here to enjoy them.

A short time before we were married I went down to the place she boarded while teaching district school to call on your mother. It was about four miles from Climax and I drove Ira to a buggy. It was in the spring and the roads were just beginning to thaw. The surface was covered with mud and water and thin sheets of ice. No gravel or paved roads then—just dirt. Underneath it was still frozen solid but the surface was a mess.

I hitched Ira to a post and covered him up with a big, heavy, woolen blanket. You don't see such blankets any more; it must have been a half inch thick and big enough to cover him completely from head to tail. When I came out to go home (after a most enjoyable evening) the horse and buggy were gone. The halter was still attached to the post but it was of little value for transportation; so I went back, borrowed a lantern and started out on foot. I could follow the trail

pretty well; there seemed to be something dragging and anyhow I knew Ira would go home. All the way



WALKING HOME

along I kept finding various sized pieces of the blanket from which I knew that the blanket had slipped off his back but was still fastened around his neck and he was walking on it. It was not a pleasant prospect for me. I knew that blanket had cost eight or ten dollars, which was a lot of money. But there was something else dragging and I couldn't quite make out what it might be.

When I got to the barn there was Ira with the buggy, all right side up and safe and with a very small remnant of the blanket still around his neck. And then I discovered what had been dragging. It was the buffalo robe which had slipped out of the buggy and caught on the step by one corner. It had dragged through the mud and water all the way home and it was a sight.

Now a genuine buffalo robe was a rare and valuable thing even in those days—I don't suppose any of you ever saw one—and dragging through four miles of mud and water hadn't done this one any particular good. I had a sweet time trying to fix things up with Dad the next morning.

Soon after we were married we were driving from the Bradley farm up to Grandfather Haight's in Climax. Mother Bradley gave us a quart can, partly full, of yeast for Mother Haight. We put it on the seat of

the buggy between us and started on our way. About half way to Climax what with the heat and the motion of the buggy the can exploded with rather disastrous results to our clothes and the buggy cushions. We got out and cleaned up as best we could and drove on. That night as Dad was doing the chores he could hardly fail to notice the condition of the cushions. He knew nothing of the yeast and he didn't ask any questions. When he came in he explained to us carefully, "When you kids get sick riding in the buggy you should turn your heads out and not to the center."

CHAPTER VI

ME AND MUSIC

When my makeup was determined upon, music was left out. I never could carry a tune nor play any musical instrument. As a small boy, Mother thought I ought to learn to play a violin and I took lessons for a time. However, the time and energy and money were a total loss (something like the writing lessons Bradley took). I never could play even the scale correctly and at last it was given up. I'll bet the neighbors were glad.

But I always had a sense of rhythm and a memory for words, so a lot of songs have stuck in my head even though I could not possibly carry the tune closely enough to be recognized. I remember a lot of church hymns, although I have not been in a church for many a year. I don't suppose you would be interested.

Before tunes came into fashion, I would have been a good singer. But when you were young you were not critical and I used to sing to you a lot of nonsense songs or such parts of them as I remembered. I don't recall any complaints. One I remember was "Clementine." It will be found in any old book of popular songs and Bunchy learned it once on a trip to North Carolina. Get her to sing it for you.

Another was the Circus song. I have not the slightest idea from whence it came or how much more there may be, but here is the part I sang to you:

'Twas way last spring, I believe in May,
When Old Si Hubbard to me did say,
"There is a circus a coming to town,
Suppose we go and see the clown."

I R E M E M B E R

So we sold our barley, oats and corn—
In fact we 'bout cleaned out the barn
And when that circus came to town
We were the first ones on the ground.

Says Si to me, "Let's go get tight
Tear down the tent and raise a fight."
"Oh no," says I, "We must see the show."
Then off to the side show we did go.

Oh the sights we saw
And the sights we seen
Were enough to turn a man's whiskers green.

The tattooed girl all covered with ink,
The dog faced boy called the Missing Link,
That was enough for me.

The last stanza seems unfinished and I presume there is a lot more but at any rate, that is the part I used to sing to you. I am sorry I can't transmit to posterity, the tune that goes with it.

Another one went like this:

Oh I went to the animal fair
All the birds and the beasts were there
The old raccoon by the light of the moon
Was combing his auburn hair.

The giraffe he got drunk
And stepped on the elephant's trunk
And the elephant sneezed
And fell on his knees and what became of
the mon key mon key monk.

Again it is fragmentary and incomplete. I have always wondered what really did become of the monk. There is no tune submitted but the children love it and you can make up your own tune as you go along and come as close as I did when you used to listen with rapt attention.

Do you remember the one about the "King of the

Cannibal Islands"? That came from a book of songs called "The Knapsack," which was standard in the rural schools in Michigan in the nineties. I think that even now we have a copy of this book somewhere around the house. I did not become familiar with this classic until I began teaching in the country schools but in those schools we used it regularly.

The "King" song went like this:

Oh have you heard the story of late,
For if you've not it's in my pate
About the mighty Potentate,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

Chorus:

Hoke Poke winke wum
Polly mague rangery rung
Hangery rangery chingery chung,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

He dined on Clergymen cold and raw.
He slaughtered them all without license or law.
He never took less at a meal than four,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

(Chorus)

Woman pudding with baby sauce
Little boy pie for a second course
He slaughtered them all without any remorse
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

(Chorus)

But the worst of my story remains to be told,
It did not agree with his earthly mold.
He died of eating his Clergymen cold,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

(Chorus)

Now there's a nice little, bloodthirsty song for a room full of kids to start the day on. But how they loved it and how they would bear down in that chorus! Apparently someone, somewhere along the

I R E M E M B E R

line had questioned that song so in later editions they included another to the same tune:

Oh, have you heard geography sung
For if you've not, it's on my tongue
About the earth in air that's hung
All covered with green little islands.

But they didn't quite dare leave out the popular "King" and the children would have no part of the substitute. I don't know just what it was that took their fancy. They were fascinated by the chorus and they loved the description of the meals. I think the "woman pudding with baby sauce" particularly struck their sense of humor.

And then there is the one about the Tavern. Do you remember? It went like this:

There is a tavern in the town
 in
 the
 town.
And there my true love sits him down
 sits
 him
 down.
And drinks his wine mid laughter free
And never, never thinks of me
 thinks
 of
 me.

Chorus:

Fare thee well for I must leave thee
Do not let this parting grieve thee
But remember that the best of friends must part
 must
 part.
Adieu, Adieu kind friends, Adieu, Adieu
I can no longer stay with you
 stay
 with
 you.

ME AND MUSIC

I will hang my harp on a weeping willow tree
And may the world go well with thee

go
well
with
thee.

He left me for a damsel dark

damsel
dark

Each Friday night they used to spark

used
to
spark

And now my love once true to me
Takes that dark damsel on his knee

on
his
knee.

(Chorus)

Then dig my grave both wide and deep

wide
and
deep.

Place tombstones at my head and feet

head
and
feet

And upon my breast carve a turtle dove

To signify I died of love

I
died
of
love.

When we were in Dallas at the Fair we went to a show called "The Drunkard." It was a burlesque on an old fashioned "melodrammer" and between the acts a girl sang that song. When she came to the chorus she extended her arm straight up from the shoulder and waved farewell in time to the music with a motion from the wrist. It was very effective.

CHAPTER VII

DO YOU REMEMBER?

When Bunchy was a child she always wanted to go everywhere and do everything that anyone did. No matter what was going on she was always out in front and going strong. One night I went out to drive the car into the garage. She saw me leave the house and before I could open the car door she was on my heels, "Daddy, can I go?"—"Sure, get right in." So she climbed in and I drove on into the garage.

* * *

There was an old woman
Tossed up in a basket
Forty times as high as the moon,
And what she did there
I could not but ask it
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old Woman, Old Woman,
Old Woman," quoth I,
"Oh whither, Oh whither,
Oh whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs
From the sky
And I shall be back again
By and by."

* * *

When Bradley was fourteen he wanted a shotgun worse than anything on earth. He had gone through the air gun and 22 stages and was now ready, in his opinion, for an adult weapon against the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. As Christmas approached he put out a little carefully prepared propaganda. Bradley was never a "teaser" but nevertheless he had a way of letting his wants be known and

I R E M E M B E R

this time there was no mistake. He wanted a shotgun for his Christmas and as the time approached he became more and more certain he would get it. Of course I got the gun but I didn't want to put it on the tree. A shotgun is pretty hard to disguise and I knew he would spot it before he was half way down the stairs. So I put it over behind the davenport and awaited developments. He was always a good sport and as the presents were distributed he said nothing. It was easy to see that he was disappointed but he was trying desperately to conceal it and evince pleasure at the lesser presents.

After we were all through with the rest I asked him to get my handkerchief from behind the davenport and there was the gun. I can still hear the yell of delight that followed.

* * *

One misty, moisty morning
When cloudy was the weather
I chanced to meet an old man
All clothed in leather.
He began to compliment
And I began to grin
'Twas "Hodoye do" and "Hodoye do"
And "Hodoye do" again.

Says I, "Old man,
Your horse will die."
Says he, "If he dies
I'll tan his skin
And if he lives
I'll ride him agin."

* * *

When Helen was about five years old she went with me on a business trip to Louisville. I can still remember how dignified she was and how entirely sure of herself. It was, I think, her first experience

DO YOU REMEMBER?



HELEN-THE SELF POSSESSED TRAVELER

with a hotel. Waiters and elevators, finger bowls and service were all new to her but never by a word or look did she betray her ignorance. I noticed she watched me carefully and did just as I did without fuss or embarrassment.

* * *

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children she didn't know what to do,†
So she gave them some broth without any bread
And whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed.

* * *

One night in the long ago I went in the car on an errand after dinner. As usual, Bunchy went along. It was rarely, indeed, that one could get away from that kid. We were coming back on the north side of Fall Creek and just as we approached the Delaware Street bridge, Bunchy remembered that I was going out to Bob MacGills that evening to a business meeting. Assuming that I wanted to turn north, she suggested that I let her out and she would walk home with her dog. So I stopped and let her out and then drove on home. You should have heard her sputter!

* * *

There was an old woman
And what do you think?
She lived upon nothing
But victuals and drink.
Though victuals and drink
Were the chief of her diet
This funny old woman
Could never keep quiet.

* * *

† In the gang I trail in there is a difference of opinion as to whether this is "cause" or "effect."

I R E M E M B E R

This is the house that
Jack built.



This is the malt
that lay in the
house that Jack
built.

This is the rat that
ate the malt that lay
in the house that
Jack built.



This is the cat that
caught the rat that
ate the malt that
lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the dog that
worried the cat
that caught the
rat that ate the
malt that lay
in the house
that Jack built.



This is the cow
with a crumpled horn
that tost-ed the
dog that worried the
cat that caught the
rat that ate the
malt that lay in the
house
that Jack built.

DO YOU REMEMBER?



This is the maiden all
forlorn that milked the
cow with a crumpled
horn that tost-ed the
dog that worried the cat
that caught the rat
that ate the malt that
lay in the house that
Jack built.

This is the man all
tattered and torn that
wooed the maiden all
forlorn that milked the
cow with a crumpled
horn that tost-ed the
dog that worried the cat
that caught the rat that
ate the malt that lay
in the house that
Jack built.



This is the parson all
shaven and shorn that
married the man all
tattered and torn unto
the maiden all forlorn
that milked the cow
with a crumpled horn
that tost-ed the dog
that worried the cat
that caught the rat that
ate the malt that lay
in the house that
Jack built.

I R E M E M B E R

Bradley and I used to go up along Fall Creek where the boulevard is now, hunting "tager cats." They were ferocious beasts and we had to be careful, but with his pop gun we got them every time.

One of the stories I used to tell you never failed to "start something." It is impossible to repeat it for it was never the same but perhaps I can recall the general idea so that you will remember:

One summer afternoon I started out for a walk. It was an awfully hot day and the ice and snow covered everything with a deep blue covering. I rode my horse through the deep clover and just then the bicycle turned over and I landed in the water beside the boat. So I picked myself up and walked to shore on top of the water and *just then* one wheel of the buggy caught in a rut and threw me up on the handle bars in the front end of the airplane——

By this time we were all involved in an argument and I had to begin on something else.

* * *

Two little kittens one stormy night
Began to quarrel and then to fight.
"I'll have that mouse," said the older cat.
"You'll have that mouse? We'll see about that."

So the old woman took her sweeping broom
And swept the two little kittens right out of the room.
As I told you before, 'twas a stormy night
When these little kittens began to fight.

The ground was all covered with ice and snow
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go.
So they laid themselves down on the rug by the door
Till the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

And then they crawled in as quiet as mice
All covered with snow and as cold as ice.
They thought it was better that stormy night
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

DO YOU REMEMBER ?

Do you remember the "Sobbing Room" to which you used to retire when the tears flowed? When Bunchy came along, the "Sobbing Room" was in a corner and the tears ruined the wallpaper.

* * *

Bunchy used to get a great kick out of the animals on Uncle Frank Kent's farm. One time on the way back she told her mother that Uncle Frank had "the cutest little bull heifer."



BUNCHY AND HER PIG

Another time she brought a little pig into the house in her arms to show to her mother.

* * *

When Helen was in school in Chicago learning to teach physical training, they sent her out to practice her ability on one of the schools of the city. For some reason that I never quite understood, they paid her a dollar for her work although I'll bet she learned more on that first trip than did the kids under her direction. She sent the original dollar bill down for me to see and I had it framed with a lot of line figures high-kicking and performing stunts all around it. I think she still has it, the first dollar she ever earned.

* * *

Tom, Tom the piper's son
Stole a pig and away he run.
Tom was beat and the pig was eat
And Tom went bawling down the street.

* * *

I recall standing just out of sight in the doorway watching Helen coming home from school with one of



COME SEE MY FUNNY DADDY!

her playmates. She was then six or seven years old. As they came along up the sidewalk they couldn't see me but I could see them and hear their chatter. As they neared the house I realized that Helen was trying to get her friend to come in the house with her. As a last inducement just as they reached the door, she handed out this: "Come on in and see my Daddy. I've got the funniest Daddy in the world."

* * *

What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and everything nice—
That's what little girls are made of.

What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails and puppy dogs' tails—
That's what little boys are made of.

* * *

When Bunchy finished her first year in school she brought home her card certifying that she was promoted to the next grade. She was very proud of her achievement and insisted on showing it to everyone who came to the house. She called it her "commotion card" and knowing the child I didn't think that was so far off as it sounded.

One of the first report cards that she brought home from school rated her "A" in "Attendance," "Effort" and "Conduct," but the rest were not so good. She brought it to me for interpretation and I explained that it meant she was there, she behaved herself and she tried but she didn't learn anything. She was quite proud of that card.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

There was an old soldier
And he had a wooden leg
And he hadn't any tobacco
No tobacco could he beg.

Says the soldier to the sailor,
"Will you give me a chew?"
Says the sailor to the soldier,
"I'll be damned if I do."

Then save up your money
And lay away your rocks
And you'll always have tobacco
In your own tobacco box.

* * *

Bradley went hunting with Jonnie Morgan down in Southern Indiana and brought home some goat's meat and prairie chickens. We didn't care so much for the goat but enjoyed the prairie chickens very much and discussed the flavor. It wasn't until years afterward that we learned they were young guinea hens. It developed that they had been unsuccessful in their search for prairie chickens and Jonnie's father told them to shoot some of the guinea fowl so as to have something to take home. Bradley says they belonged to Mr. Morgan but I dono, he said they were prairie chickens, too.



MASTER BULLFROG, GRAVE AND STERN

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool.
Twenty little coats of green
Twenty vests all white and clean.

I R E M E M B E R

"We must be in time," said they,
"First to study, then to play.
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bull Frog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn,
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive.

Taught them how to dodge the blows
From the sticks the bad boy throws.
From his seat upon a log
Taught them how to say, "Ker Chug."

Twenty froggies grew up fast
Big frogs they became at last.
Now they sit on other logs
Teaching other little frogs.

* * *

In 1909 Helen made a Christmas present for me.
It was a piece of cardboard with a small piece of sand-
paper on which to strike matches. It was all deco-
rated and fancy to hang on the wall. I still have it.

* * *

Said the little red rooster
To the little red hen,
"You haven't laid an egg
Since the Lord knows when."

Said the little red hen
To the little red rooster,
"You don't come around
As often as you uster."

* * *

Once, when I was out of town Bunchy persuaded
her mother to permit Bunchy to drive my car out to
Tudor Hall. It was a big car and she was much
pleased. On the way out she picked up some friends

DO YOU REMEMBER?

and when school was reached, one of them got out and left the door open. Bunchy didn't know and hooked onto a telegraph pole. They had it fixed by the time I got home and I didn't know until long afterwards.

* * *

The man who has plenty of good pea nuts
And giveth his neighbor none
He can't have any of my pea nuts
When his pea nuts are gone.

* * *

The first Christmas present that Bunchy ever gave me was in 1924. She made for me in school, a blotter pad with a verse on it which read:

Remember when you're using
This blotter that I send,
It holds many a tender thought
From one who calls you friend.

I still have it and can produce it on demand.

* * *

Jack Sprat could eat no fat
And his wife could eat no lean,
And so betwixt them both
They licked the platter clean.

* * *

When my children were growing up I always tried to give them good advice and instruction. Particularly when they were in college, I tried in my letters to instruct them in the way they should go and I like to think that my sage advice had much to do with their general conduct. (None of them got kicked out of school.)

The following letter, which I wrote to Bunchy

I R E M E M B E R

when she was in DePauw, will illustrate the profound nature of my letters.

HOTEL SEVILLE
Harrison, Arkansas

4/29/33

Dear Bunchy:

I don't suppose we can blame anyone but ourselves because there really is no law in Springfield, Mo., to compel folks that stay all night there, to go to a movie. But anyhow, we went and did we suffer? I don't remember the name of this drammer but it should have been "Seven Buckets of Blood." We didn't stay to see the front end of it (having come in, in the middle) but we saw enough people killed to make a battle in the World War.

As we entered the "Villion" had just killed the wireless operator and everyone was much excited about it. The scene was on a large and prosperous "Yacht" in mid-ocean and it developed that this here guy that owned the "Yacht" had made up his mind to kill the whole outfit and run away with the gal and make her hisen.

Well, if those actors could have known what was to come they wouldn't have been so excited over one little killing. That was just one little incident in the evening's entertainment. Killings were as common as dirt. Now, one girl he locked in the electric refrigerator and turned it up to freezing. And the cook he fed poisoned soup and Zowie! he was dead. And he had one fellow kill another and hang himself and the crew tried to get away in a boat but the dastard had cut the rope and they were all dumped into a watery grave.

I think that was really the most successful murder in the lot because so many went at one time. It was sort of mass production as 'twere. And then just as he was beginning to run out of folks to kill along comes an airplane and drops in mid-ocean and they picks up "our hero" out of it. It seems that O. H. had been in love with this gal back in the once upon a time and when she run off with this guy he follows via air and there he is all ready to be killed in some new and novel way. Oh yes, the Captain who seemed to be a decent sort of chap had to be done in and he was running short of ways to do it, so what does he do but get the Cap around by his desk where he has a spindle to file papers on and then he grabs the Cap and files him on this spindle with neatness and despatch. And one girl he throws overboard and then when he gets to the point where there is no one left but Charlie Ruggles and O. H. and the

DO YOU REMEMBER?

gal, Charlie locks himself in the wine cellar and gets drunk and O. H. and the gal take to the engine room and start to shoot it out with this terrible KILLER. But they are not very good shots either of them and don't hit nothing. So what does this guy dooo but shoot a couple of holes in the oil tank and throw a lighted paper down and set the whole works afire and then he jumps overboard a day's sailing time from Samoa and calmly starts to swim ashore. Oh, he was some guy all right. But along comes a fat and prosperous looking shark and that was the end of him.

But just in the nick-o-time, along comes a freighter and rescues O. H. and the gal and they live happily ever after.

It does beat all what they will do to make a movie these days. Here were a lot of nice looking people killed just for this one movie. And they were dead—we saw 'em. Of course they didn't kill Charlie Ruggles nor O. H. nor the gal. But the rest of them it was just too bad. There ought to be a law "agin it."

Love

Dad.

P. S. The news reel was good.

* * *

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner

Eating a Christmas pie.

He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum

And said, "What a big boy am I."

* * *

During one winter Katherine Eggleston went to business college in Indianapolis and stayed with us during the week. She roomed with Bunchy and they were good friends. Bunchy was several years younger but considerably larger than Katherine.

One Saturday afternoon Bunch and I were at home alone. Katherine had gone home and the rest were away somewhere. I was sitting in the sun room reading and Bunch was up-stairs doing something—I didn't know what.

Suddenly I heard a cry, followed by tears and lamentations. It was evident something serious had

I R E M E M B E R

happened to my che-ild and I sprang to the rescue. By the noise, she wasn't dead, but I expected to find her maimed for life. I rushed up-stairs and found her in the hall dressed and apparently all right but sobbing as though broken-hearted. As soon as she saw me she began, "I didn't mean any harm! I didn't mean any harm!" and so on with tears and sobs and sobs and tears. I couldn't see anything wrong and I had quite a time getting her quieted down enough to tell me what it was all about. It then developed that she had tried on one of Katherine's dresses and couldn't get it off. I helped her get the dress off and then did I have fun with her? I told no one of the affair but at the table and elsewhere I would bring into the conversation, "I didn't mean any harm." I think it was a relief to her when I finally spilled the beans.

* * *

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Eating curds and whey
Along came a spider and sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

* * *



Aw! HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE!
One day when Bradley was in grade school, your mother was called to the door and found there a big policeman who wanted to see Bradley Haight. He happened at the moment to be in the kitchen eating a big slice of bread and butter and sugar. Mother called to him and he came slouching in with the food in his hand. The policeman

looked at him and said, "Is that Bradley Haight?" and upon being assured that it was, said a polite farewell and departed. Naturally your mother was somewhat taken aback but all she could get out of Bradley was "Oh, he's a friend of mine."

* * *

All dressed in gray, a little mouse
Has made his home within my house
And every night and every morn
I say, "I wish that mouse were gone."

But why? A quiet soul is he
As anyone need wish to see.
My home is large, my hearth is wide
There's room for me and him beside.

Ah yes, but when the lights are out
He loves to slyly slip about,
And help himself to what he sees
Without once asking, "If you please?"

* * *

Once when Helen was in Butler a man came to my office and told me that my daughter had driven in her car onto the Pennsylvania railroad right-of-way at one crossing and on the ties down to the next crossing. I just didn't believe him. I told him that it might have been her car but I knew my daughter and I knew she wouldn't do such a thing. Someone else must have been driving—she must have loaned the car. He insisted that he was right and that a fast train was due at that moment. Still disbelieving, I went home and asked her about it and she readily admitted that it was true. It seems that she always wanted to take that short cut to the sorority house and so that day she tried it.

I R E M E M B E R

Little Boy Blue come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the hay stack, fast asleep.

* * *

When Bradley was about four or five we always used to go to the office on Sunday mornings and look over the mail. Of course we couldn't do anything about it but there was some degree of satisfaction in knowing what to worry about for Monday morning. One Sunday I took Bradley with me and on the way home stopped in a post card picture place and stood him up on a chair for a picture. We kept it a secret from his mother until we got the pictures several days later. It was one of the best kid pictures we ever had taken and an enlargement of it still hangs in my office.

* * *

The following letter was written by Bradley when he was in summer school at Culver. It is undated but the post mark shows it to be 1916, when Bradley was twelve. I guess I had not been writing as often as he thought I should. The spelling is his and is submitted as proof of the fact that the Haight's cannot spell. The original letter is in my possession and may be viewed on request.

John Bradley Haight
Box 127
Culver School
Culver, Ind.

Dear Sir:

Greatly to my deileight I received your letter I found it was very satisfying and pleasing this is a very good begining mow if you can onely keap this up I wood like to hear more then about 20 words in three weaks from you. Now acourse if this is to any exture bother you never mine but I can assure

DO YOU REMEMBER?

you that you will be paid for all you do. You can do this in the morning before breakfast or after dinner at night if you can't do this have Mrs. Haight wight and say so

Ures truely

J B Haight

* * *

The Squirrel has a bushy tail
The Raccoon's tail is bare,
The Rabbit has no tail at all,
Nothing but a bunch of hair.

* * *

Soon after Helen learned to drive she came down to get me one night and in turning left at Meridian and Ohio streets ran over the little platform on which the traffic cop stood. He had some trouble getting out of the way and was pretty mad. When I came down Helen and Bunch were both in tears. The cop had taken their number and refused to tell Helen what it was all about. I didn't have much trouble fixing it up but he said he had learned not to talk to a woman.

* * *

Peter Piper met a pieman
Going to the Fair.
Says Peter Piper to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."
Says the pieman to Peter Piper,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Peter Piper to the pieman,
"Indeed I haven't any."

* * *

This letter was dictated by Bunchy to her Mother in 1919. It reached me in Des Moines.

Dear Daddy—Will you ever come back? Teacher and a little boy come affa me—and a little boy fell down in a snow two times—that mean twice, doesn't it? We march in school. Will you bring me back a pretty dress and a baby ring for to wear on my little finga? We sing we tell a Chritten story, I mean

I R E M E M B E R

a teacher did, we sing, and we play with blocks. One time a teacher tell we to be still, (I mean all the chillun) and we did, like a good girl, we mind a teacher, and I hope to see you ever again the other little chillun and me. We play a game, only maybe I will learn it some day.

Dear Daddy, when is you coming back. I hope to see you ever again.

We dance, we tell a story about Jacky Frost. Some Teacher tell "Goodby, little girl" to all the gulls and me. I will tell you the Jacky Frost story when you get home. I was so goodie little gull down in kindagotten you ever saw.

with love, (let)

from Bunty Little

* * *

On the opposite page is a facsimile of the first letter Bunchy ever wrote me alone. It was written while she was at the home of a friend on account of sickness at home. Bradley had scarlet fever and I had pneumonia. The original may be viewed on request.

* * *

The King's in his counting house,
Counting out his money.
The Queen is in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.
The maid's in the garden
Hanging out the clothes.
Along comes a blackbird
And snips off her nose.

* * *

When Bunchy first began to reason things out she was very much interested in windmills. As we would be driving through the country she would always be on the lookout for them and the questions she would ask just didn't have any answers. This one was the prize:—"Daddy, if all the peoples died except one peoples and that peoples moved away, what would they do with the windmill?"

DO YOU REMEMBER?

DEAR DADDY 13/1
ARE YOU GETT
ING BETTER
HOW IS BRAD
LET ARE MAM
M I AND HEL
EN WELL
I AM HAVING

1

AGRAND-
TIME. PLE
ASE TELL
MAMMY TO
TELL CLY
DET CLY
GMY DRIN

2

3

WRITING D
ESK AND
BLACKBOARD
LACRA. FRANC
ESTRAIGHT

I R E M E M B E R

How much wood would a
Woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck
Would chuck wood?

* * *

One summer when Bunchy was six or seven years old she wanted to go up to Michigan to visit Aunt Emma on the farm. It happened that Miles Scheaffer was going that way alone in his car so he offered her a ride. They stopped in South Bend at noon and Uncle Miles took her to the cafeteria in the Oliver for lunch. That style of eating was new to her and she was hungry. All the food looked good so she loaded her tray with everything in sight. She was so busy pushing the tray along and grabbing one more dish that she failed to notice that the rail came to an end and pushed her tray right off on the floor. Of course Uncle Miles got her another tray full and we didn't know about it until years afterwards.

* * *

And in what better way may I bring this chapter to a close than by using the jingle with which we used to end the session when you crawled up on my knee and demanded "just one more 'toy."

I'll tell you a story
'Bout Old Mother Morey
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another
About her brother
And now my story is done.

Now it's time to go to bed.

